

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVI. No. 23

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MARCH 7, 1926

**F**LYING Officer Robert Burke allowed his keen gray eyes to smile in an almost-cheerful manner. He embraced the cadets who sat in the classroom, into which, through opened windows, drifted the drone of 'planes high in the sky.

"The commanding officer," Captain Burke stated crisply, "has authorized an experiment in which the ten members of this advanced class will participate. We shall try it this afternoon, weather conditions appearing excellent. It will come under the head of 'landing to a mark,' and will be executed in a slightly different manner than in the past."

Cadet Eugene Harper felt his body become frigid. If there was one angle of flying which he found difficult it was this landing to the mark. In fact, three times had he failed to bring his ship into the white circle in the center of Blake Field, without managing to use his engine as an aid. A triple failure, and now the captain was about to conduct an experiment —

"This afternoon —" Captain Burke's voice interrupted him — "I shall ride in the back seat with each of you men. You shall fly at the altitude and in the direction I designate through the telephone apparatus. At my command you will instantly cut your engine. I assure you that there will be only one possible landing spot within gliding distance of the ship. It will be up to the pilot to get the plane down, land it safely — without using the engine. If you do use power to pull you out of a tight place it will count just that much against you. No cadet will graduate

## To the Mark!

By Raoul Fauconnier Whitfield

from this class until he can land to a mark with a dead engine. It is a very necessary thing — a protection for you men. You may now go to your quarters, get into your flying clothes. Report at the Advanced Field in twenty minutes. The class is dismissed!"

Cadet Eugene Harper smiled grimly at another member of the class, Cadet Tommy Ralston. Cadet Ralston was a wonder at landing to the mark. He never failed.

"Not bad for you, Tommy"; Cadet Harper's voice was not particularly cheerful. "Suppose you rather like it."

"Fine stuff!" Cadet Ralston smiled back in a pleased manner. "Guess this

will give me my coveted wings, at last."

Cadet Harper turned away, frowning. The experiment would be all right for most of the men in the Advanced Class. But it would take all that he possessed in the way of skill and courage to pass it. It had always been the same in the past; when he cut the engine, nosed the ship down, a swift little panic had gripped him. Either he overshot the white circle inside of which his ship should have been landed or he had to use his engine to get close enough to it.

"Well —" he drew a deep breath now — "I'll do my best. Can't do any more than that. Perhaps with Captain Burke in the rear seat I'll have more confidence in myself."

He ceased muttering to himself. He knew that such a thing would not be. The captain would bother him all the more. And if he failed — well, it would be weeks, probably, before he got another chance. And the coveted silver wings would be just that much further away. An experiment, Captain Burke had said.

Cadet Eugene Harper entered the long barracks in which the cadets were quartered. His face was serious as he got into his leather flying coat, took his goggles and helmet down from the tiny shelf above his immaculate cot.

"To the mark!" he breathed half aloud. "I've got to land her, set her down right this time. If Tommy Ralston can do it — I can do it!"

But confident words, uttered as self-stimulation, have a habit of failing one. And Cadet Harper, walking toward the Advanced Field, a few minutes later, knew that it would require





more than words to land a Curtiss J. N. 4 to the mark which Captain Burke designated. Much more!

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Captain Burke scribbled a few words on a pad, tore off a slip of paper and handed it to Cadet Thomas Ralston. The other cadets were crowded about.

"I'm turning Cadet Ralston loose," the officer stated. "He's a finished flyer—and if you all set your ship down to the mark as well as he has just done—"

He broke off abruptly, his keen eyes traveling over the cadets who were circled about him.

"Cadet Harper," he said slowly, "I will fly with you next."

Gene Harper straightened. He looked the captain squarely in the eyes, nodded his head slightly. At least he would not show the fear which was gripping at him.

"Very good, sir!" he replied.

The captain smiled. He was an officer who had a sense of humor. Most good flyers have, for that matter.

"I hope it will be very good, Cadet Harper," he replied instantly. "Your air work is excellent, your class work very good. But I have always been a little shaky about passing you along, letting you have your wings. If you can hit the mark today—"

He stopped, turned away abruptly. Cadet Harper followed him, the cheering words of most of the grouped cadets in his ears. Suddenly his eyes widened. Captain Burke was approaching Number 1313! One of the toughest ships on the Advance Field!

Tradition had it that Number 1313 was pure hard luck. Its controls moved less smoothly than those of the other 'planes; it had been wrecked again and again, stood up on its nose, turned over on its back. But it had always been patched up, tested, put back on the dead-line again.

The officer halted beside it. He smiled at Cadet Harper.

"We'll fly in 1313 for a change," he said slowly. "Always rather liked the ship. Seems as if she's a fighter. Doesn't like to be set down too easily."

Cadet Harper said nothing. The officer had said about all there was to say, had expressed the cadet's opinions quite thoroughly. And now the captain was adjusting his goggles and helmet, tightening the harness of his parachute pack. He inspected the cadet's pack, nodded his head.

"Let's get right up above. Climb to six thousand, fly dead to the south by your compass. I'll instruct you further through the 'phones. That's all."

He climbed into the rear cockpit. Cadet Harper climbed into the one directly behind the brightly-hooded engine. He tested the engine, with blocks under the

## March

BY EDITH MIRICK

Blow, silly winds! Show what a mean  
And blustering bully you can be!  
Shout curses at each crouching bush  
And shake each trembling, frightened  
tree!

Come, whistle down my chimney stack!  
Awake my rafters with your din—  
Tear at the vines that shield my walls!  
I only sit and laugh within.

Blow, silly wind! Rattle in rage  
My window sash! You do not know  
From where I sit that I can see  
The crocus peeping through the snow.

wheels, and then nodded to the mechanic. Slowly he taxied the ship out into the wind, opened the throttle, got her gracefully into the air. He climbed her in widening circles. The joy-stick and rudder controls—the feel of them—gave him confidence. But this was air-work. As the captain had stated, his air-work was good. It was the landing—

"Forget it!" he muttered to himself, and adjusted the telephone apparatus over his helmet. His altitude was six thousand feet, his air course due south. The air speed of the Curtiss was eighty-five miles an hour. There was a disagreeable pull on the controls. Number 1313! It was obvious—Captain Burke had wanted to test him severely, mentally as well as physically. Cadet Harper smiled grimly. From time to time he glanced over the side of the fuselage. It was rugged, bad country. Not encouraging to look upon. No word came through the 'phone wires. The Curtiss winged southward with roaring exhausts. Cadet Harper waited, fighting off thoughts which might be dangerous.

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"Cut your engine, Cadet Harper!"

The flying officer's voice stabbed into the pilot's ears from the receivers which were strapped over them. His left hand jerked back the throttle, the roar of the ship was instantly silenced. He nosed the 'plane downward, glanced over the side. His heart was beating at an increased tempo. The moments of the test had arrived!

His eyes were fixed on the country below. And as he looked he saw instantly the spot which the captain had intended as a landing field. There was a stream winding through the hills. The stream seemed to cut through the center of this one level, green stretch. It was not a large field. In fact, it was quite small.

Cadet Harper glanced to the east. A train was moving slowly across a trestle,

miles away. He watched the smoke rising from the engine, noted that the wind was blowing in the same direction now as it had been when they had taken off from Blake Field. That meant that he would have to land to the east, against the wind.

He brought the Curtiss down in slow, gently banked spirals. At two thousand feet he saw that the field was not all as smooth as it had appeared to be from six thousand. Fifty feet of soft, swampy ground lay on either side of the stream which cut across the stretch.

At an altitude of less than one thousand feet he saw that he had a width of fifty feet, and a length of about seventy-five yards beneath him. And unless he hit this mark, this stretch, very accurately there would be a bad crash.

He banked Number 1313 in a narrow circle so that he would approach the stretch from the west. It was bumpy as the ship got lower. There was no word from the captain. Cadet Harper suddenly felt a great admiration for the officer in the rear cockpit. He possessed courage enough, confidence enough to sit motionless while his student risked a crash.

There was a momentary panic within him as the Curtiss headed down toward the stretch. But it passed swiftly. This time he had beaten the thing; the ship was coming down to the mark perfectly. It was only a matter of using his controls now, of setting her down as he would set down any Curtiss back on Blake Field.

The ground was rushing toward him. He had the ship within ten feet of the level stretch. And then, suddenly, his eyes made the discovery! The ground was bog! Level, inviting from five hundred feet—but from his present distance mere mud!

There was not a chance of setting the Curtiss down, —not one in a thousand. Her wheels and skid might touch in the most perfect of three-point landings, but she would crash just the same. The mire would turn her over, send her over on her back!

Cadet Harper had forgotten the captain was riding in the rear cockpit. He was sure only of one thing—he had picked the wrong landing place. A crash was imminent!

His left hand struck at the throttle. The engine roared its deep voice from the exhausts. With its wheels and skid only a few feet above the muck the Curtiss jerked itself forward, and climbed slowly up into the sky again. And then, his eyes staring straight ahead through the oil-spattered goggles, Cadet Harper realized that Captain Burke was riding in the rear cockpit. And he had uttered no word!

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## "All Bwoke!"

By Annie Rogers Knowlton

VANNA'S eyes were full of tears. That was something that didn't happen very often, for Vanna wasn't a cross little girl, and she wasn't a naughty little girl. She was usually very happy and very good.

But today something dreadful had happened. At least Vanna thought so. In the first place Mother was in bed. She wasn't sick. She was just resting, because she had a dear little new daughter to take care of, a tiny baby only one week old. She told Vanna that mothers always rested for two or three weeks after new little babies came, so as to get quite strong to take care of them.

Vanna loved the new little sister dearly, and did all she could to help Mother. That was how it all began. Vanna had tried to take Mother's empty saucer back to the kitchen for her. She was holding the saucer, oh, ever so carefully, when she tripped on the edge of the big rug in the hall. The saucer clattered to the floor!

When Vanna stooped to pick up the saucer it was in two pieces, and one of them was the shape of a crescent. Of course Vanna told her Mother all about it, but though Mother said it didn't matter, Vanna felt very badly. That was why her eyes were full of tears.

"What's the matter with my little girl?" Father cried out, as he saw the tears, when Vanna ran to meet him. Vanna held up the two pieces of the saucer.

"All bwoke!" she said pitifully. "Papa, fix it!"

To please her, Father carefully glued the two pieces together, and stood the saucer on the shelf to dry.

"Now, Vanna darling, run and put on your warm coat and mittens, so you can go out to walk with me."

"But it's all dark!" replied the little girl, who had never been out after dark before.

"I know it, dearie, but now that Mother can't go with you in the daytime, I guess we'll have to take our walks after dark, for a little while," said Father, as he stooped to kiss Mother and the new little sister good-bye.

Although it was so dark, it really was quite early, not more than five o'clock. But it was in February, when the dark comes long before bedtime. Vanna was very happy to go out with Father, and found a great deal to look at, and to wonder about.

The bright lights that flashed in and out on the signs made her think of the candles on her Christmas tree, and the glare of the big lamps on the automobiles quite dazzled her. She was very much excited about everything, and asked a lot of questions that Father answered gladly.



## Toy Balloons

By Mattie Lee Hausgen

Toy balloons are very light,  
But I hold ours firm and tight.  
How they wish that they were free,

Nestling in the highest tree!  
Why would they go far away —  
Do they think they're birdies gay?

Suddenly she stood still and looked up.

"Was is um, Papa? Was is um?" That was the way she said "What is it?"

Papa laughed. "That's the new moon, darling. Isn't it pretty?"

High over her head, and between the tops of the houses, Vanna watched the little silver crescent of the baby moon. All the happiness left her face.

"Why, what's the matter, sweetheart?" asked Father, troubled by her expression.

Vanna pointed at the moon. "Papa, see! Moon — all bwoke!"

Then Father understood. The little crescent moon was just the same shape as the piece she had broken from the saucer!

"Papa — fix it!" she suddenly demanded. Father had fixed the saucer, why not the moon! But Father only smiled, and talked of other things.

Every night after that Vanna watched for the moon. Sometimes she was out-of-doors, and could see it easily. Sometimes she had to twist her head very far around to catch a glimpse of it from the windows. Sometimes it stormed and she couldn't see it at all. But always, after her first joy in the pretty bright crescent,

her face would cloud, and she would repeat sadly,

"Moon — all bwoke!"

There came many days of storm when the moon was hidden, and only white, swirling snowflakes danced outside Vanna's windows. Then, one night, she caught sight of the silver brightness again. The moon was rising over the roof of a high building, and only its rounded silver edge showed above the ridgepole. Vanna made haste to call her father.

"Moon — Papa — all bwoke!" she repeated, pointing. This time Father really chuckled, for he knew what was going to happen.

The moon kept climbing up and up in the sky. More and more of it could be seen each instant. And as it climbed, Vanna's eyes grew bigger and bigger, too. She didn't know that, in those days of storm, the moon had kept on growing and growing, behind the clouds, till it had come to be a full moon, instead of a tiny crescent.

As Vanna finally saw the whole beautiful circle of silver leave the roof-top

(Continued on page 138)



## THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,  
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### Be Polite

It is rather annoying, sometimes, when you have gone to some inconvenience to do something for someone, to have him not even say "Thank you." I mean some little thing like holding a door open for someone, or giving up your seat in the car. It doesn't take much effort to smile and say "Thank you," and it makes the other person feel much better towards you. Another thing, if you accidentally walk in front of someone, or bump against someone, don't mumble "Pardon" or "Sorry." Such unmeaning words are worse than the act itself. W. F. R.

### "All Bwoked!"

(Continued from page 137)

and sail slowly up into the deep blue of the sky, she caught hold of Father's hand and danced up and down in her excitement.

"See, Papa! See, see! Moon — all fixed!" Then she threw her arms around his neck and hugged him rapturously. For she believed, with all her loving little heart, that Father had fixed the moon, just as he had mended the broken saucer!

### News from the Schools

The Unitarian Church School of Fall River, Mass., presented the pageant of "The Consecration of Sir Galahad" in the church last Easter and is to repeat it on Easter Sunday evening, this year, when the Knight Commandery of Fall River will be in attendance.

The church school in Norton, Mass., is much helped by the willing service of two Wheaton College girls, — Miss Brackett and Miss Porter, — who are doing excellent work as teachers.

At Montclair, N. J., a nursery school is maintained during the hour of the church service where the little children are pleasantly occupied. This school has a small orchestra, one teacher playing the piano, another the violin, and several of the pupils playing wind instruments. The pupils are becoming acquainted with the world's great religious pictures by use of a reflectoscope and talks on the pictures.

At King's Chapel, Boston, the course of study this year centers around the life and teachings of Jesus. Each member of the oldest class of girls is making her own illustrated Life of Christ. The members of the church-school choir are leaders in the processional hymn and wear beautiful purple robes; they sing also for the offertory and at the close. Ten

of the older girls are members of this choir.

*The Cleveland Unitarian*, in its issue for February 6, publishes the church-school honor roll for January. This bears the names of 77 pupils who were given honorable mention for punctuality and attendance for the month, and 44 pupils who were given this honor for attendance.

### Helper by the Day

BY MARJORIE DILLON

When March sends out her noisy wind  
To whistle, whoop and shout,  
It isn't playing all the time,  
Oh, no, it's really out  
To sweep and clean and scrub and brush,  
And tidy, I suppose,  
To get the earth all fixed, to don  
Her pretty Easter clothes.

### The Twins' Snow Man Causes Trouble

OUR ATTIC,

February 20, 1926.

Dear Charles and Marjorie:

Paul and I have been planning to build a snow man all winter, but we didn't get around to it until last Friday when we had some of that heavy, wet snow which is so dandy to make snowballs. We built a great big one in front of the house; it took two of the boys to roll it, and about a dozen of us to put the body on the legs. Then we got an old hat of father's, some pieces of coal for eyes, and then some fir and made a mustache. Well, everything went along all right until some boys started to try to knock his hat off. One of them made a snowball too icy and instead of knocking the hat off, it went right through the window and knocked over a vase that was on the living room table. The vase fell on the floor and broke. When Mother came home and saw what had happened, she made Paul and me go to bed. The blinds are closed in the front room now so that people can't see the broken window. Dad said he guessed that the snow man had caused enough trouble, so he knocked it all down.

Your loving cousins,

HARRIET AND PAUL.

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### A Funny Legend about Saint Patrick's Day

BY JUNE DOUGLASS

"MOTHER, it will soon be Saint Patrick's Day and I am so worried. My teacher asked me to find something different to tell the class and I have looked every place and I can't find a thing different," said Mary with a deep frown on her face. Mary's mother studied for a moment, and then laughed. "Come here, dear, and sit down beside me and I will tell you of something funny I was reading a few days ago. Perhaps this may be just what you want." Mary pulled a chair close to mother and leaning her arms on her knees waited expectantly.

"This story makes all the little Irish girls and boys chuckle, and every year as Saint Patrick's Day draws near they beg to hear it. It is told in song as well as in prose and because it tickles the funny bone of all the little Irish kiddies, they never tire of hearing it," said mother, smiling as she looked at Mary's interested face.

"Saint Patrick was a good old soul, who did much good for Ireland, much more good than simply driving off the snakes. So every year when his birthday came around the people in all the countryside celebrated with feasting and drinking and merrymaking. A general holiday was held and no work done. Now this would have been very well but for one fact. There were two minds about the date of the good man's birth. One part of the country celebrated the eighth as the birthday and the other half held their holiday on the ninth of March. In this way all business and trade was stopped not for one day, but two, and the industry and peace of the country were endangered. Finally, the elders were called together and asked to decide once for all just which day was the birthday of the Saint — the eighth or the ninth. But whichever way it was decided the other part took exception and in the end they were no better off than before. Finally one aged man stepped forward and addressed the crowd. "I know a way," he said. "Why not satisfy both parties and let each contribute their date. Let us join dates under dispute and celebrate the Saint's birthday on the seventeenth of March, then the eighth and ninth will share equally in the honors, for do not nine and eight make seventeen?"

This idea was hailed with delight, and from that time forth the seventeenth of March was known as Saint Patrick's Day."

"Oh, that is funny," cried Mary laughing merrily. "I am sure they will all enjoy it. You always help me out of my difficulties, Mother," Mary said, as she gave her mother a grateful hug and kiss.



## A Song of the Narrow Trails

By Minna Irving

Oh, for the land where the narrow trails  
Are close to the frosty sky,  
And the snows are soft as a feather bed  
And the snowslide rushes by.  
And oh, for the shoes of toughened wood  
With thongs of deerskin bound,  
And a rapid flight o'er the glistening  
white  
To the wild wind's whistling sound.

Away in the teeth of the icy gale,  
Away in a spume of snow, —  
The pines and the firs are dark-green  
blurs  
As they rise from the slopes below.  
The seven-league boots of fairy lore  
To the traveler's feet are tied,  
When he fastens his snowshoes on to race  
To his camp on the mountainside.

### To the Mark!

(Continued from page 136)

"Return to Blake Field, Cadet Harper!"

"Yes, sir!" He strove to keep his voice calm, level, but he knew that he had not succeeded. The captain's voice had been too sharp, too cold. He had failed — failed in his attempt to land to the mark!

As he climbed the Curtiss away from the stretch cut in two by the stream he glanced about the country below. As far as he could see, within a gliding distance of his six-thousand-foot altitude, there was no other possible landing place. And yet — the officer could never have intended that he should land the Curtiss on that soft ground.

Cadet Eugene Harper flew Number 1313 back to Blake Field with a set expression upon his face. His lips were pressed together in a narrow line, his eyes were narrowed. Not once did Captain Burke speak.

He made a spiral descent over Blake Field, heading the Curtiss toward the dead-line. A ship from the Dual Control Stage forced him to swing Number 1313 wide at an altitude of six hundred feet. The controls of the Curtiss were working sluggishly. Anger gripped him.

He banked the 'plane sharply, let her drop in an almost-vertical side-slip. He was determined that he would not circle the field again in order to effect the landing. One hundred feet from the ground he straightened her out — but for a second there was doubt. The slightest false manipulation of the controls and they would have crashed. His landing was perfect — but he felt no satisfaction as he taxied the ship toward the dead-line. Air-work was quite another thing from landing to a mark. And somehow, he sensed that he had failed.

He removed the head 'phones, hung them in their place in the front cockpit.

As he climbed to the ground, jerking off his helmet and goggles, he saw the group of cadets come forward. Captain Burke pulled off his own helmet and goggles. There was a peculiar expression on his face as he spoke to the group. But his eyes were upon Cadet Harper, narrowed, a strange light in them.

"That was a very unnecessary risk Cadet Harper took in coming into this field. The side-slip is always dangerous. But then — I fancy the pilot was disturbed. You see, the field, the landing mark I picked for Cadet Harper failed to suit him. He came down perfectly, with his engine properly dead — and then gave her the gun. He refused to make the landing."

The captain's voice was hard. The cadets were staring at the recent pilot of Number 1313, puzzled expressions on their faces. Cadet Harper felt himself growing hot. The flying officer was regarding him steadily.

"Please tell the cadets why you failed to make a landing," he said slowly.

Cadet Harper straightened. His voice was low but crisp when he spoke.

"The spot I chose for a landing — the only one I saw as a possible landing place — proved to be nothing but mud, too soft in which to land. We would have crashed. I realized that I must have chosen the wrong landing place — so I climbed her out of it."

He turned toward the captain. "That is all, sir," he said slowly.

Captain Burke smiled. He reached into a pocket of his leather coat, extracting a white pad.

"That is enough," he returned in a cheerful voice. "It happened that I picked that ground almost a week ago. There have been rains, and the stream which runs through the stretch has made —" he paused and then went on — "practically a mire now. Cadet Harper did not pick the wrong landing mark. I did

that. Cadet Harper used splendid judgment. His landing *would* have been perfect. I am turning Cadet Harper loose —"

But Cadet Eugene Harper had ceased to listen. He was too excited. Only one fact was beating through his head. He was loose — would get his wings! And it was because he had *not* landed to the mark!

## Girl from Japan Wins High Honors

Last month at Mt. Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts, one girl in the senior class was awarded the cup given each year to the "perfect girl" in that college. For many years this award has been made to girls with many honors to their credit, and this time the prize was won by Fumiko Mitani who comes from far-away Kyoto in Japan. This Japanese girl, then, is judged by her classmates to be the perfect girl in a whole college of American girls.

In an essay that Fumiko wrote for one of her English classes, she told of the land of shadows where she used to play when she was a little barefoot, sunburnt girl whose father was a fisherman. "The western half of the long main island of Japan is divided into two parts by the high ranges of mountains that run through it," she wrote. "I liked the moon nights best when the sea was calm and bright. I used to sing a song to the old boatman, but when the boat would be swallowed in the dark shadow of the mountain, I would lie down quietly in the boat without even daring to breathe, for fear that an owl in the woods or the dark waves beneath me might take me away. And so did I stay until the moon shone on the boat again and rescued me."

Fumiko tells of classes she used to have in Tokyo under the shade of an oak tree and when she was tired of the study that she was doing, she used to hop around the tree to rest her mind.

## Pictures

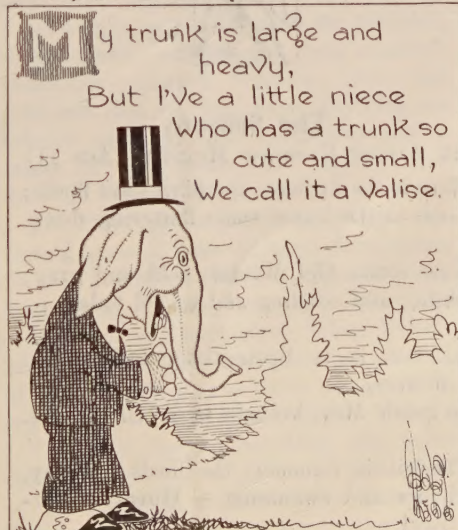
BY ADA CAMPBELL

Far better than a ship at sea  
A picture-gallery is to me,  
For there I need no pilot's hands,  
To guide me to strange, foreign lands.

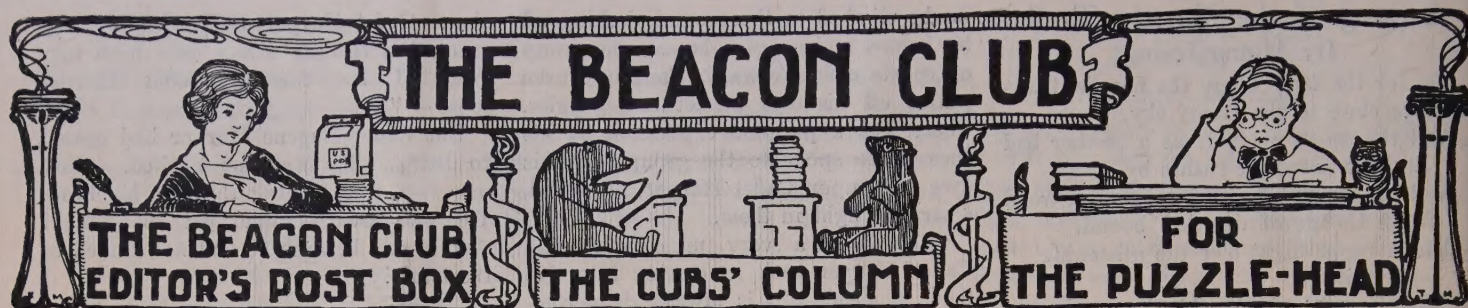
I travel here, I travel there;  
I see quaint towns and gardens fair;  
I see brave scenes of action bold,  
For history's pages there are told.

And when at last, in some near tower,  
A clock booms out the passing hour,  
I feel as though a magic ship  
Had borne me on a wondrous trip!

## ISN'T HE WITTY?







Dear Letter Writers:

Our post box is so overrunning full of interesting letters, that the Editor can only take space to say to all new members, Welcome to our Club!

417 WARNER ST.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Sunday School of the First Protestant St. John's Church. I have gone for five and a half years without missing one Sunday. Miss M. Metz is my teacher. We have a Lend-A-Hand Club. This year I am president; last year I was secretary and treasurer.

I read *The Beacon* and enjoy it, for that reason I wish to join the Club.

Yours truly,

MARGARET FENDRICH.

10 PARK AVENUE,  
HOULTON, MAINE.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to The Beacon Club and wear a pin. I go to the Unitarian Church and Sunday School.

I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade.

I like *The Beacon* very much and I usually try to do the hidden names and cross-word puzzles.

Your friend,

RUTH ANDERSON.

CURTIS ST.,  
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to join The Beacon Club. I am the only one in our Sunday school class who is not a member. My teacher's name is Mr. Elliot. I am eight years old. Our minister's name is Rev. George Hale Reed. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday.

I wish all the members a Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

NED BERNARD.

5 CIRCUIT ROAD,  
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am eleven years old. I should like to join The Beacon Club very much. I go to the First Church in Chestnut Hill. My mother was the first to be married in our church.

I should like to hear from girls of my own age.

Yours truly,

MARTHA SWIFT.

Dear Cubs:

The award for the best story goes, this week, to Louise Wilson. By some accident, the first paragraph of her story got printed in an earlier number of our paper. We are now making amends for that mistake by printing the story in full.

Alison Barstow Murphy, of Bronxville, N. Y., wins the poetry award.

THE EDITOR.

### A Little too Soon

By LOUISE WILSON (AGE 10)

MAMA ROBIN was perching on a fence when up flew Daddy Robin and said, "I think it is time to begin making a nest." "So do I," agreed Mama Robin.

Then they made a nest of grass and twigs and Mama Robin laid four little blue eggs in it. She kept them warm under her wings and soon she heard the baby robins pecking at the shells to get out. The next day there were four little robins in the nest.

The eldest young bird said, "How soon can I fly," and his mother said, "Just as soon as you have feathers on your wings." Then she flew away. While she was gone they took feathers from their tails and fastened them to their wings. When Mama Robin came back she discovered what they had done and put their feathers back where they belonged. But soon their wings grew and they could fly almost as well as Mama Robin.



### The Seasons

By ALISON BARSTOW MURPHY (AGE 11)

Here is the Autumn, the birds have flown; Look at the leaves come fluttering down.

Now comes Old Winter, cold and gray; Skiing and coasting and school today.

At last it is Springtime, look at the flowers, In gentle May, brought by April showers.

Then it is Summer, the birds are gay, Picnics and swimming, — Hurray! Hurra-y!

### Enigma

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 15, 13, 3, 6, is something we do every day.

My 6, 7, 6, 1, 4, is something we should rather be without.

My 5, 2, 15, 9, 8, is a word used in addressing a lady.

My 12, 13, 10, 6, 16, is underground property.

My 14, 2, 11, is a negative.

My whole is a saying.

ETHEL STEPHENSON WILLIAMS.

### Twisted Birds

- |             |              |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Laege    | 8. Irskeh    |
| 2. Ergeb    | 9. Dilleerk  |
| 3. Acenr    | 10. Anigsrtl |
| 4. Icepanl  | 11. Enrt     |
| 5. Grete    | 12. Blhureon |
| 6. Vopelr   | 13. Llamdra  |
| 7. Ibobkoln | 14. Nacyra   |

ESTELLE CALDER.

### Famous Americans

In each of the following sentences is the surname of a famous twentieth-century American.

For doing our best we will be rewarded.

Speed is only desirable when accuracy drives.

Give it a second coat after the first has dried.

McTabb, Ryan, and Murphy are Irish.

Paper shingles are not fireproof.

— The Target.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 21

Enigma. — Look before you leap.

Hidden Authors. — 1. Alcott 2. Burnett. 3. Wells. 4. Norris. 5. Grey. 6. Dickens.

State Puzzle. — 1. New York: Worn key. 2. Montana: Not a man. 3. Colorado: Coal door. 4. Wisconsin: Cow, sin, sin. 5. Minnesota: Omen, satin. 6. Michigan: Magi, chin. 7. Oklahoma: Hook, Alma. 8. Alabama: Balm, A. A. A. 9. Nebraska: Bran, sake.